

T H E
W E D D I N G - D A Y;
A
P O E M.

*Fortunati ambo ! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.*

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P O E M

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MCCCLXXXII

P R E F A C E.

FRIEND.

YOU must publish this Poem of yours.

AUTHOR.

I must really be excused ; for, though the kind partiality of my friends, will not permit them to see the numerous faults, which every page of the trifle, you call a Poem, displays, the rest of the world will by no means shut their eyes : when it is published, every body has a right to find fault ; and, for ought I know, many who praise it extravagantly now, may be the most ready of any to join the laugh of the public ; whilst the candid few lament in silence the imprudence of the Publisher. Besides, you are sensible, that my own amusement was my chief motive for writing it, and that I had not the least intention of printing it.

FRIEND. Whether it is printed or not, you cannot prevent it being made publick, as there are some copies already gone abroad ; nay, you must print it in your own defence ; for, otherwise, believe me, you will find it no easy task to furnish all your acquaintance with copies, and the certain consequence of obliging some, will be the affronting the rest.

A

AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

AUTHOR. All this may be true ; but you forget, my friend, a far more untoward circumstance, than any you have mentioned: The Reviewers, Sir, the Reviewers ----

FRIEND. Well, what of them ?

AUTHOR. Why do you ask such a question ?----Can you imagine that, if persons so infinitely my superiors, in every respect, have not escaped the lash of criticism, so inconsiderable a Being as myself can expect any quarter ?

FRIEND. Why not ?----Don't you remember the fable of the Oak and the Willow ?

AUTHOR. Yes---but the cases are not similar ; I should not throw myself officiously in the way of the storm, if I hope to escape its fury.----With regard to the Reviewers, I am very sensible that, as it is the duty of well-wishers to society, to destroy noxious reptiles in the egg, so, if men of learning and judgment were not to discourage trifling poetasters, at their first appearance, the world would be more pestered with weak and useless productions than it is.

FRIEND. Come, come, never fear.----The Reviewers will not hurt you ; for notwithstanding the impotent rage and senseless assertions of disappointed pride and ignorance, rendered still more stupid by correction, I am persuaded they seldom bestow censure or praise without sufficient reason.

AUTHOR. It is that I am afraid of.----Should they hearken to the voice of justice, rather than of mercy, I know what I may expect.

FRIEND. Don't be so diffident.----As members of the commonwealth of literature, it is their interest, as well

as

P R E F A C E.

as duty, if they can perceive any glimmerings of genius, (and surely there must be *some* in your poem) with the breath of praise to blow the sparks into a flame, rather than totally extinguish them, by throwing the cold water of censure upon them.

AUTHOR. Very true ;----but still I must observe, that if I myself (with all the fondness and partiality, which it is natural to have for the offspring of one's own brain) can discern a vast many imperfections in it, what will not the quick-sighted Reviewers discover ?

FRIEND. What think you of a genteel address to their Worships, by way of dedication----a few civil words, or so ?----“ A little flattery sometimes does well.”

AUTHOR. I should be sorry to pay their understanding, and my own, so poor a compliment.

FRIEND. It will not, however, be improper to give them an hint of your youth ;----and you may add, the request of friends--

AUTHOR. Neither the one nor the other will do me any service. As to the first, it is itself rather an objection than otherwise ;---- and the last reason is very common, and very little to the purpose.

But suppose, I lay it by for three or four years---I may, by that time, have acquired a little more judgment ; and then, perhaps, after some considerable alterations, I may may venture to ----

FRIEND. That will never do.—If you lay it by, as you propose, your taste will, very likely, be considerably changed ; and if you then attempt to alter any passages, you will make a kind of patch-work of it, and spoil it ; so publish it now, by all means.

AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

AUTHOR. I dare not.

FRIEND. What the deuce are you afraid of ;—As this is your first production, you are in no great danger of losing the reputation you never gained ; and suppose the worst, —many a bright genius has failed in the first attempt. —But if none of these reasons have any weight with you, surely the amiable Seraphina must have some influence. —

AUTHOR. Are you serious ?

FRIEND. I really am. — When I shewed it her the other day, she perused it, warmly commended it, and concluded by desiring you to publish it :—and can you refuse so small a mark of respect to so excellent a lady —one who so eminently graces the rank she maintains —perfect mistress of all the accomplishments suitable to her sex—in whom all the virtues center that can adorn and ennoble human nature—who, to the most unaffected dignity, joins the most winning condescension, and engaging deportment — who is as much distinguished for her good-nature and humanity, as for her knowledge and learning ?—Can you, I repeat, refuse such a lady as this ?

AUTHOR. No, my friend, I cannot ; too well I am convinced, by the force of your last argument, to dispute the point any longer ; nor need I : Secure in the approbation of a lady, whose taste and judgment every one admires, I am under very little apprehensions of the witling's sneer, or critic's animadversions.



T H E

W E D D I N G - D A Y .

DISMAL the tempest ^{ro} wars : descending rains,
With rapid fury, overwhelm the plains.
The northwind, rushing through some hollow cave,
Makes midnight dreadful. Impious men, who brave
Heaven's future vengeance, and its power deride,
Their guilty heads from present danger hide.
Agast and pale, whilst horrors freeze their blood,
They dread a second universal flood.
To prayers they have recourse, in hopes to assuage
The warring elements' tempestuous rage ;

B

But

But 'twill not be :-----the storm maintains its sway
With dread misrule, destruction marks its way.
Trees torn up by the roots, and furious hurl'd,
Make nature shrink, and tremble for her world.
Nor moon nor star affords one ray of light,
To gild the horrors of this dismal night.

The wretch who barter's Heaven for guilty gold,
Pale with affright, and shivering with the cold,
Hugs close his precious bags: his roof unclos'd
To all the tempest's fury lies expos'd ;
Through many an inlet pours the gushing rain,
And the wind howls through many a broken pane ;
The windows rattle, and the Miser shakes,
And all the long dark night (a painful vigil !) wakes.
Thieves fill his anxious soul with groundless fear ;
Though 'tis their hour of plunder, none are near :
Wither'd is every heart with sad dismay ;
Trembling they sculk in caves, and wish for day.

At this most dark, most dreadful midnight hour,
Whilst the inclement skies incessant pour,

The



The furious tempest howling round his head,
PHILANDER seeks the mansion of the dead.
A youth in whom had lavish Nature join'd
The loveliest person to the noblest mind.
Blameless the conduct of his rising youth,
With Wisdom grac'd, with Justice, and with Truth ;
O'er all his actions Honour did preside,
Of all his footsteps Virtue was the guide ;
But chief within his gentle bosom reign'd
Compassion, and unbounded sway maintain'd.
Oft' as he listen'd to the plaintif^{te} tale
Of the unhappy, down his cheek would steal
A sympathizing tear ; his generous breast
With tender pity throb'd for the distressed :
Nor did his hand the liberal boon restrain,
Nor could the ravish'd wretch from tears refrain.

Awhile PHILANDER's happy years proceed,
Smooth as the stream that glides along the mead ;
No furious storm to ruffle his repose,
Calm and serene his gentle current flows.
But soon, alas ! this blisful season ends ;
The tempest (gathering in the air) impends,

That

That this delightful scene will overcast,
This pleasing prospect-----much too bright to last !
A maid there was, with every virtue blest,
That ever yet adorn'd the female breast.
She grac'd the noble line from which she came,
(Her parents' boast) MARIA was her name.
Her form so perfect, Envy's self could find
No fault, but in the world's applauses join'd ;
When she was present Ignorance was dumb ;
Where'er she mov'd Scandal could never come ;
Her deep humility forc'd even Pride
Her haughty scornful mein to lay aside ;
Impudence learn'd of her a modest air,
And even Malice smooth'd her brow severe.
Blessings upon her footsteps would attend,
And prayers innumerable to heaven ascend ;
For to some cottage often would she go,
And kindly listen to the tale of woe ;
With bounteous hand would succour the distressed,
(Soft pity heaving in her gentle breast,)
To ease the afflicted all her power employ,
And cause the widow's heart to sing for joy.

What

THE WEDDING-DAY.

3

What wonder then (with these perfections grac'd,)
That all PHILANDER's happiness was plac'd
Upon her smiles, or that the charming maid
His constant love with love as constant paid?
MARIA absent-----Nature dropt a sigh,
The landscape darken'd, gloomy was the sky:
MARIA present-----brighter shone the day,
And gliding moments silent stole away.
With equal sorrow did MARIA mourn,
No less impatient waited his return;
"Fly swift, ye love-wing'd hours, and bring my swain,
"My dear PHILANDER, to my arms again."
The lover comes-----MARIA's sparkling eyes
Proclaim what raptures in her bosom rise;
She hears, with secret pleasure in her heart,
Her faithful swain his tender tale impart.
The happy lovers tread the blissful round,
Of Pleasure and of Love's enchanted ground;
Their passion unimbitter'd with the pain,
Which cruel parents cause, who thirst for gain:
The pain, by which the generous soul's oppress'd,
When love and duty struggle in the breast;

C

They

They fear no fordid tyrant's threat'ning voice,
Their parents' blessing sanctifies their choice.

Slow rose the morn, in brightest purple drest,
The morn that was to make PHILANDER blest.
The lovely youth, in richest garments gay,
With rapture hail'd the dazling God of day ;
Never so pleasing!-----to his ravish'd eyes
New beauties in the charming landscape rise.
He treads in air, he moves in fields of light,
And Paradise seems opening to his sight.
The wish'd for, happy moment now is come,
And all assembled in the sacred dome ;
The holy priest begins the solemn rites,
And soon his brightest torch glad *Hymen* lights ;
The aged parents' hearts with pleasure glow,
And to just heaven with gratitude o'erflow :
Nor less exults the bridegroom ;----by his side,
Smiling ineffable, his blooming bride.
Transported, he surveys the charming maid,
(Emblem of innocence) in white array'd ;
No diamonds glittering with feebler blaze,
Her eyes no triumphs want o'er rival rays.

A wreath

THE WEDDING - DAY.

7

A wreath of flowers around her temples twines,
 Carnations, lillies, violets, jessamines,
 And roses, blushing with disdainful gloom,
 Repining at her far more lovely bloom.
 Adown a neck more dazzling than the snow,
 Her auburn locks in wanton ringlets flow ;
 Upon her cheeks, where loves and graces sport
 In smiles and dimples, Beauty keeps her court.
 But when PHILANDER meets her swimming eyes,
 And sees soft tumults in her bosom rise,
 Sees with a lovely blush her face o'erspread,
 Glowing with crimson of celestial red,
 His soul with rushing pleasure is oppress'd,
 And floods of extacy o'erwhelm his breast ;
 Fantastic visions dance before his sight ;
 Nature can scarce support the vast delight.

And now the Minister their trembling hands
 Proceeds to join in wedlock's pleasing bands ;
 Now the mysterious knot is firmly tied,
 The powerful knot Death only can divide ;
 Strain'd in her joyful parents' lov'd embrace,
 Shuddering they view their darling's alter'd face ;

Paler

Paler and paler grew her fading charms,
Till she sinks, fainting, from their feeble arms:
Her tender frame with pangs convulsive shakes,
And life its beauteous dwelling soon forsakes.
There like a flower she lies, by some fell blast
Nip'd in the bud, but lovely to the last.
Unhappy maid! by too severe a doom,
Snatch'd in the dawn of life, and beauty's bloom,
Snatch'd from a youthful bridegroom, to a dreary tomb!
Thus on some heart-delighting summer's day,
When nature's charming face appears more gay,
And when the beauteous firmament on high,
Puts on her garment of celestial dye,
The orb of glory darts his dazzling rays,
And on the surface of the water plays;
Well-pleas'd, the God beholds the glittering streams
Tremble, reflecting his refulgent beams.
The Traveller, with heart elate, proceeds;
And, as he passes through the painted meads,
The stream unruffled, and the sky serene,
With transport he surveys the enchanting scene.

But

But lo !----the face of angry heaven o'ercast----
The flattering prospect in a moment past !
Black, rising clouds the azure vault deform,
Big with the terrors of the impending storm ;
A distant rumbling in the troubled sky
Gives notice that the threat'ning danger's nigh :
Darker and darker still the scene appears,
Hoarse thunder murmurs, quivering lightning glares ;
Quicker and quicker flash succeeds to flash,
Till sudden bursts the dire tremendous crash.
Horror amidst the wreck triumphant rides,
And the red burning bolts, wide-wasting, guides ;
Terribly bright, in baleful pomp she reigns,
Tearing to pieces all the etherial plains :
Through Heaven's wide arch the frantic fury rolls,
And threats destruction to the tottering poles.
Temples and towers to their foundations rock,
And scarcely can support the dreadful shock ;
Nature in agony begins to fear
The end of all things to be drawing near.

From threat'ning gleams that dart across the gloom,
The frighten'd wretch awaits a dismal doom ;

D

Stiffen'd

Stiffen'd with horror at the blasting fight,
He sees bright ruin wing her rapid flight ;
While her relentless fury knows no bound,
Dealing destruction, scattering deaths around :
Horrid to view ! his frightful eye-balls glare,
A striking image of extreme despair !

PHILANDER thus, stun'd with the fatal blow,
Stands fix'd to earth, a monument of woe !
Starting at length, as from a dreadful dream,
His eyes like meteors dire, destruction gleam
On all around, and then dart up to Heav'n,
With looks that ask, " O why, why am I driv'n
To means like these ?"-----sudden his sword displays
Its dreadful shining blade, which he assays,
Swifter than thought, to bury in his breast,
But cautious friends the direful stroke arrest.
Frantic he raves----but quickly grows serene,
And mildly looks upon the mournful scene.
A dreadful calm ! for sense and thought are flown,
The sudden shock threw Reason from her throne.
He casts his piteous enquiring eyes
On all his weeping friends ; but soon he spies

The

The lifeless body of his lovely bride,
He runs, he flies, and throws him by her side.
Sincereſt grief in every face appears,
While every eye is drown'd in gushing tears,
And groans from every breaking heart are wrung,
Forc'd by the melting muſick of his tongue.

“ Sleeps my MARIA ?----ſleeps my virtuous love?
“ Deſcend ye guardian Angels from above,
“ And ſpread your ſilver pinions round my dear :
“ Ye black and ugly Dæmons come not near.
“ Sweet be the flumbers of my beauteous maid ;----
“ Upon my faithful boſom lean thy head.
“ O thou art cold my love, art chilling cold ;
“ But to my panting breaſt I'll gently hold
“ Thy tender frame ; I'll preſs thee to my heart,
“ And to thy freezing boſom warmth impart.
“ Be ſilent, O my friends,----let not a breath
“ Diſturb my Charmer ; ſilent be as Death.”

Starting as at a ſudden pang, he cries
“ It cannot, cannot be----deceitful eyes,
“ Ye tell me falſe,----MARIA is not dead ;
“ Her ſpotleſs ſoul can never ſure be fled.----

“ O but

“ O but she is----she is for ever gone,
“ And left her faithful Lover all alone.
“ O Death, O cruel Death, could’st thou not spare
“ The opening sweetness of a flower so fair ?
“ How could’st thou, with such barbarous rage, pursue
“ A pair so happy, and that lov’d so true ?
“ ’Twas sure my swelling joys thy envy mov’d
“ To seize on all I valued, all I lov’d.
“ But know, curst rival, that thy envious dart
“ Shall not divide us,---we will never part ;
“ For quickly I’ll shake off life’s cumbrous load,
“ And follow thee to thy unblest abode :
“ From thy fell grasp I’ll snatch the beauteous prize ;
“ Born on a purple cloud we’ll mount the skies ;
“ And as we wander o’er the spangled plains,
“ Where springing joy and bliss eternal reigns,
“ Look down thy disappointed rage to see,
“ (Gnashing thy teeth in bitterest agony.)

“ Divine effulgence round our heads shall play ;
“ Loft in the blaze of everlasting day,
“ On diamond pavements, ravish’d, ^{we} ~~she~~ shall move,
“ Our melting souls dissolv’d in heavenly love ;

“ On

“ Delighted pass along the sparkling road,
“ With emeralds, sapphires, pearls and rubies strew’d;
“ On every side (transporting to behold !)
“ Ten thousand thousand dazzling hills of gold ;
“ Where worlds on worlds of happy spirits rest
“ On thrones of jasper, exquisitely blest !
“ With sun-beams of transcendent glory crown’d,
“ Flashing intollerable brightness round.

“ Oft to some beauteous grove we shall repair,
“ Where richest odours scent the ambient air ;
“ Divinest sweets, that all the grove perfume,
“ Dropping from trees that form their shady gloom.
“ Ambrosial viands will allure the taste,
“ And choicest fruits, luxurious repast !
“ Immortal pleasure we shall quaff, in bowls
“ Of heavenly nectar ; and refresh our souls
“ From streams, that through the enamel’d meadows stray,
“ Or in the chrystal fountains sparkling play.
“ Oft shall ~~he~~^{we} seek some grotto’s cool retreat,
“ While damask roses spring beneath our feet,
“ Clasp’d in each others arms, entranc’d, shall lie,
“ And sinking with insufferable joy.

E

“ O extacy

" O extacy of blifs !----O vast delight,
 " Too fierce to bear !----before my ravish'd fight
 " A mist arrifes,----O MARIA, fly,
 " And catch my fleeting soul, I faint----I die."
 Nature, exhausted, sinks into repose,
 And gives a tranſient reſpite to his woes.

Wrapt in Oblivion's arms three days he lies,
 The fourth, returning reaſon aid ſupplies ;
 He wakes----and, by a glimmering taper's rays
 A diſmal ſcene, aſtoniſh'd, he ſurveyſ ;
 Watchful attendants fix'd around the room ;
 On every face appears a mournful gloom.
 The Youth, alarm'd, intreats them to reveal
 The cauſe of this :----deſirous to conceal
 The melancholy reaſon, one replies,
 " You have been ill :" ſtill more alarm'd, he cries,
 " O where's MARIA ? where's my lovely Fair ?
 " She would have watch'd me with the tendereſt care ;
 " She would have chear'd my ſorrows, ſhar'd my grief ;
 " Her preſence would have brought me ſure relief.
 " O haſte, and tell her, that her faithful Swain
 " Is languiſhing upon the bed of pain.

" Fly,

“ Fly, fly, I charge you fly---but no----return ;
“ It will but make the lovely charmer mourn.
“ We must not let my dear MARIA know ;
“ Her tender soul would be oppress’d with woe :
“ It would be cruel, ’twould be most unkind,
“ So rudely to disturb her gentle mind.
“ But who can tell---perhaps, ev’n now, she hears
“ That I am sick ;----ev’n now, dissolv’d in tears,
“ Her lov’d PHILANDER’s misery she grieves,
“ While tenderness her swelling bosom heaves,
“ And all the tedious night, and all the day,
“ With sympathizing grief she pines away.
“ And can I torture thus the maid I love ?
“ O no-----I’ll fly, her sorrows to remove ;
“ To sooth the terror which her breast alarms,
“ And soon forget all sickness in her arms.”

To hear their much-lov’d Master thus complain,
His faithful servants could no more refrain ;
Touch’d to the soul with the most poignant grief,
To think his woes would never find relief,
Forth burst the gushing flood, though stifled long,
And strait the room with lamentations rung.

Their

Their clamorous grief a while surpriz'd the youth,
Till sad reflection struck the fatal truth,
With all its weight of woe, into his mind,
Reason, once more, her tottering seat resign'd ;
Dreadful distraction reign'd with horrid sway ;
Once more depriv'd of sense and thought he lay.

Struggles so violent o'erpower'd his strength,
And wearied Nature forc'd to yield at length.
A dire distemper on his vitals prey'd ;
Though medicine supplied its powerful aid.
The obstinate disease resisted still,
And almost baffled the Physician's skill :
But Death refus'd to strike, though oft implor'd,
And he to health, unwilling, was restor'd ;
But human skill could not extract the dart
That deep was lodg'd within his bleeding heart ;
Inly he wasted, by a slow decay,
And life dissolv'd, insensibly, away.
PHILANDER now no more appear'd the joy
Of every heart, delight of every eye ;

His

His graceful bloom no longer he retain'd ;
A mournful shadow of himself remain'd :
All pale and wan, he seem'd some pensive ghost,
Silently gliding to the Stygian coast.

One night, as he reclin'd upon his bed,
His arm supporting his uneasy head,
Weary and sad, long stranger to repose,
Revolving in his soul his mighty woes,
The clock struck twelve :---- the dread tremendous sound
Summons the sheeted spectres all around.
From yawning graves, and humble caverns some ;
Others from monumental marble come.
The weeping ghosts (a melancholy show !)
To see their parents, friends, or lovers go ;
With tender care they watch around their beds,
And dewy slumbers sprinkle o'er their heads ;
With gentle dreams, and fancy's brightest charms
They sooth them, and protect from midnight harms,
Poor virgins, rob'd of life by black despair,
To visit now their faithless swains repair ;
Their guilty souls with horrors to affright,
And terrify with visions of the night.

At this sad hour, fluttering his jetty wings,
A raven to PHILANDER'S window clings ;
Ill-omen'd bird !----he strains his horrid throat,
And croaks his grating, harsh, discordant note.

Th' undaunted youth hears with surprize, not fear,
The sounds of death, well-pleasing to his ear.
But hark ! a voice, that, whispering, seems to say,
" My dear PHILANDER, haste, O haste away."
Starting he cries, amaz'd, " My hour is come,
" I'll follow thee, blest Spirit, to the tomb."
Frantic he runs, and stops not till he gains
The grave, that holds MARIA'S lov'd remains.

In vain the fierce alarms Heaven's concave rend ;
In vain the raging storms and tempests spend
Their horrid fury : rooted as a rock,
He lies supine, nor feels the dreadful shock ;
Though never was so horrible a night,
Since the first dawning of created light.
His soul with woes so mighty is oppress'd,
They leave no room for terror in his breast ;
Stretch'd on the earth, his darling he bemoans,
With bitter sighs, and undissembled groans.

When

When lo !----the lift'ning winds suspend their rage,
And softly blow, as if they meant t' assuage
His matchless griefs : no more Heaven's floodgates shower
Vindictive wrath ; no more impetuous pour ;
But some few sympathizing drops let fall,
For which his pity-moving sorrows call.
The jaring elements their struggles cease,
And harrafs'd Nature seems once more at peace ;
Glad that her globe, which could not long sustain
Such furious shocks, has yet a moment to remain.

The sudden calm affects PHILANDER more
Than all the clamorous hurricanes before ;
He feels new pleasure in his breast arise,
And as he upward casts his wond'ring eyes,
The heavens look terrible with fiery streams,
That to and fro' direct their golden beams,
Till parting in the East, they inward roll,
And floods of glory burst upon his soul ;
The opening Heavens discharge a blaze of light,
That far dispels the dusky shades of night :
The beauteous prospects to his view display
The shining regions of refulgent day.

Celestial

Celestial harmony delights his ears,
 Sweeter than musick of the moving spheres;
 Unusual extacy distends his heart,
 And thrilling raptures shoot through every part.
 He sees vast troops of shining forms descend,
 And with submissive reverence, attend
 A vision, blazing with transcendent charms;
 But what transporting joy his bosom warms,
 When in a robe of richest azure drest,
 His own, his own MARIA stands confest!
 Her form most wonderful, her air divine;
 Her sparkling eyes with added lustre shine;
 Her temples with a starry diadem crown'd,
 Darting ten thousand glittering rays around:
 She looks a Goddess, and a Goddess moves;
 And, sweetly smiling on the youth she loves,
 To sooth his soul with ravishing delight,
 Thus sings the heavenly vision, dazzling bright!

“ Cease, thou lovely youth, thy sorrow,

“ Nor MARIA's loss deplore

“ Ere the day shall dawn to-morrow,

“ We shall meet to part no more.

“ Virtue

" Virtue in thy bosom glowing,
" (Lovelier in a form so fair,)
" And the buds of Honour blowing,
" Call for Heaven's peculiar care.

" Oft' Compassion, ever-beaming
" With celestial radiance mild,
" Saw thy eyes with sorrow streaming,
" For Affliction's hapless child :

" Well she knew, the unbefriended
" Never su'd to thee in vain ;
" Knew thy bounty was extended,
" To relieve the wretch's pain.

" When she saw her darling lying
" On the ground, oppress'd with grief ;
" All her anxious thoughts employing
" To procure his woes relief.

" Swift she flew, and gain'd admision
" To the foot of Heaven's high throne ;
" There prefer'd her just petition,
" For her best-beloved son.

G

" The

THE WEDDING - DAY.

“ The Monarch, smiling, heard Compassion

“ Tell the virtues of her youth ;

“ Heard, well-pleas'd, the sweet relation

“ Of his constancy and truth :

“ But when she, at length, proceeded

“ All thy sorrows to disclose ;

“ And, with sweetest accents, pleaded

“ For remission of thy woes ;

“ Heaven, with piteous ear attending

“ To her tender, mournful strain,

“ Thy severe distresses ending,

“ Sent me to relieve thy pain.

“ Leave, O leave these dismal regions,

“ Quit these scenes of deep dismay ;

“ See ten thousand shining legions

“ Wait to waft thee far away.

“ Pleasures past imagination

“ Guardian Angels now prepare ;

“ Bounteous Heaven has fix'd our station,

“ Bordering on the morning star.

“ MARIA

“ MARIA and her dear PHILANDER

“ O'er yon azure plain shall stray ;

“ Through the sparkling stars shall wander,

“ All along the milky way.

“ We shall float on floods of pleasure,

“ Swim on seas of liquid bliss ;

“ Joy that knows no bound or measure

“ Thoughts can't image, words express.

“ Trees upon the flowery border,

“ Bend with golden fruit their heads ;

“ Foliage of immortal verdure

“ All the margin overspreads.

“ Beauteous flowers, eternal springing,

“ Fragrance most divine exhale ;

“ Gentle breezes with them bringing

“ Sweets that ravish'd sense regale.

“ Meagre Sorrow, Care, complaining,

“ Wrinkled Age find there no room ;

“ Love and Joy triumphant reigning,

“ Youth and Beauty ever bloom.”

The

THE WEDDING-DAY.

The Vision, ceasing, upward wings her flight,
 And soon regains the radiant fields of light;
 " I come, I come," the ravish'd Lover cries,
 His lovely head declines,---he droops,---he dies.



F I N I S.

